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STILL TEACHERS' COLUMN.

— IN THE —

LEAD

R. S. HILL,

ACCOMPANIED BY

MRS. SLOAN,

HAVING just returned from the Eastern Markets, where they spent a long while in search of—

RARE BARGAINS,

Now take pleasure in stating that we never bought a Stock of Goods more to our own satisfaction than we did this time. In our opinion, we can show not only—

The Largest, Handsomest, And most Varied

SPRING STOCK

Ever offered on this market, but taking QUALITY of material into consideration—

By Far the Cheapest!

DRESS GOODS,

Of every Style, Color and Texture,

Including Challies, Henriettas, Brilliantes, Mohairs, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Sateens and White Goods, world without end. In fact, all the NEW GOODS, in every imaginable shade that the markets afford. Our Stock of—

TRIMMINGS

Is replete with all this season's Novelty, including Persian Band Embroideries, Braids of all kinds—Silver, Gold and Hercules, in different shades. Also, those new and beautiful Felt and Braid Trimmings combined, as well as Gimps and Garnitures of every description.

BUTTONS!

Never before has it been our good fortune to run upon such a handsome, tasty and elegant lot of Buttons as we have now waiting your inspection.

Don't forget that as we were the first to introduce those soft-finish, elegant DRESS LININGS, we still give this line our personal attention.

MISS MALLALEU

Continues her

DRESS MAKING

In our Establishment, and is better prepared than ever before to fill, in a thorough and stylish manner, all orders entrusted to her. A full and carefully selected—

STOCK OF HOSIERY,

Hankchiefs, Gloves and Parasols. In Lace and Mull Embroideries we defy competition. As usual we take the—

LEAD IN MILLINERY

Of every description. We have had exceptional advantages in buying this year. We begin with our leader—a nice shade Hat, in black and white, at 20c. Staying late enough to attend all the retail openings, we are not only laden with the most beautiful and stylish Goods ever shown here, but have a thorough knowledge of how to manipulate them. So that with stylish Shapes, beautiful Flowers, airy Laces and enhancing Ribbons, the latest French and New York fashions, and above all THE LOWEST PRICES ever offered, we are bound to bring joy to the hearts of our many customers, old and new.

Very respectfully,

R. S. HILL.

Modern Gambling.

EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: We take it for granted that no one doubts gambling being a sin, or that it is prohibited by the Scriptures. To show that gambling is prohibited by the word of God, it is not necessary to find positive prohibitory mention of the practice in the Bible. It is enough to show that the principles involved are violated, and we do not have to look very far before we find this.

Two men sit down at a card-table. Each man puts a given sum of money on the table, under the agreement that the one who is successful in the game is to have all the money at risk. The money is the consideration, and the effort to obtain it in this way is prompted by a desire and a purpose to get it without earning it, or giving value in return.

And when the successful man takes the money at risk he becomes the possessor of the property of another without earning it or giving value for it.

For these reasons the money is not justly and honestly his own, and, in obtaining it, he has violated the plain Scripture, which commands him to provide things honest in the sight of all men—Rom. 12: 17. Besides this, the sin of desiring and obtaining money in this way is of the nature of covetousness, which is positively and explicitly prohibited by the Scriptures.—Ex. 20: 17.

But, however, card-playing is not the only practice involving the above principles, and, consequently, not the only form of gambling. If it were, we would never think of raising our voice or pen against it, for we are fully apprised of the fact that those who have fallen into the odious habit of obtaining money by card-playing are so low in the scale of human depravity and degradation as to be seldom found reading a moral toned book or paper. Therefore, we do not hope to reach this class in this way, and so it is not to these that we would address ourselves in this article, but to those in the higher circles of social life who are frequently engaged in some practice involving the very same principles that are involved in card-playing. And, strange as it may seem, there are thousands of people all over christendom who would turn away from the card-table with the greatest contempt and disgust—considering card-playing one of the greatest sins a person, especially a church member, could possibly be guilty of—that will, at the very same time, unscrupulously and unhesitatingly engage in various practices involving the same principles, without ever once thinking they have been guilty of gambling or committing the slightest offense. Why is this? Simply because they have failed to read their Bibles carefully and look at things in their true light. Let us notice a few of the most common species of gambling now in practice.

The first case we will notice is that of raffling. A man has a gold watch which he proposes to raffle off. He places a given number upon the watch, which is not to exceed one hundred; he then writes out all the numbers from one to a hundred, and sells them to his neighbors at fifty cents apiece, with the understanding that the person obtaining the number corresponding with the one upon the watch is to have the watch. Here the watch is the consideration, and of course, prompted by a desire to get it without earning it or paying full value for it; and when the "lucky" man takes the watch he is in possession of property which he has neither earned nor paid an adequate price for. Therefore, he is just as guilty of the sin of gambling as if he had won the watch at the card-table, for he has violated the very same principles.

But who ever thought of this being gambling, or even any harm? Why, Deacon Smith, Elder Jones and quite a number of other prominent church members were around taking "chances" for the beautiful gold watch raffled off here last Christmas by one of our jewelers. And are these who know the truth? Yes, verily; and occupying, as they do, the highest positions in the church and society, their examples were, of course, soon followed by scores of others. Take another case.

A number of farmers belonging to a Grange, a Farmers' Alliance, or some other fraternity, while in session place in the hands of their Treasurer a hundred dollars, each member paying his pro rata share of the amount, under the agreement that the one raising the largest amount of corn, cotton, wheat, oats, or any other given crop, upon one acre of land, is to have all the money at risk. Here, again, the money is the center of attraction, the great incentive that causes each individual farmer to put forth his whole energy and skill, in order that he may, if possible, obtain the prize. But when each farmer gathers his own crop has he not then got all that is justly and honestly his own? Certainly he has. And when any man takes more than this, he is taking the hard earnings of his fellowman without earning it, or giving him anything in return. No one with ordinary intelligence can fail to see that this involves the very same principles that are involved in card-playing, and is a clear case of gambling. And any man who puts five dollars at risk, in this way, in order that he may obtain a larger amount, is, in all intents and purposes a gambler, and is just as guilty of gambling as if he had won the money at a card-table. It is only another way of appealing "I'll bet" you five dollars I can beat you raising corn, cotton, or wheat, as the case may be. But we are told that this is only done to stimulate the farmer, in order that Agriculture may be raised to a higher standard. What if Agriculture does need raising to a higher standard? Are we left to choose whatever method we please, scriptural or unscriptural? Surely not. What is the difference in rickling money and playing for it, and rickling it in the same way and working for it. I answer none. Further, if it is wrong to rickling money on a game of cards, then it is equally wrong to rickling money on an unmade crop, and vice versa, if it is no harm to rickling money on an unmade crop, it is no harm to rickling it, in the same way, on a game of cards. Surely nothing but a

spirit of covetousness, or an inordinate desire for this world's goods, could prompt any one to resort to such unscriptural means of obtaining money. One thing is very evident, that is, such men have not lost their love of the world, nor their appetite for filthy lucre. And when we see professors of religion engaging in such soul destroying and God dishonoring practices, we are very forcibly reminded of the proverb quoted by Peter, "The dog is returned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire"—2 Pet. 2: 22.

But there is another very prominent case which I would not fail to notice, that is the case of church fairs, bazaars and various other entertainments given by our churches throughout the whole of christendom, for the purpose of raising funds to repair churches, buy new carpets, church organs, etc., and in some places, we are told, that even the pastor's salary, the cause of missions, and various other objects come in to claim their pro rata share of the money thus raised. Here, again, the very same principle is manifest, that is the offering of something for nothing. In their zeal and eagerness to do the Lord's work they violate the plain teaching of his word. For, says Paul, "I bear them record that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge"—Rom. 10: 2. An Editor of one of our most popular religious journals said to us the other day, while in conversation upon this subject, he could not see any harm in a church fair or supper, nor did he believe there was any moral principle involved in offering or contesting for premiums. We felt just like asking that religious instructor what Christ asked Nicodemus, "Art thou a master of Israel and knowest not these things?" T. H. GARRETT.

A Cyclone at Work.

CHICAGO, May 8.—A dispatch from Hutchinson, Kansas, says news reached this city yesterday that the wind storm that had been raging for the last three days had culminated in a cyclone in the northern portion of Pratt County, extending over the eastern portion of Stafford and up into Rice County. The funnel shaped cloud formed between five and eight o'clock. It could be seen for miles. The district over which it passed was sparsely settled and but for this fact the loss of life and property would have been terrible. The cyclone first struck at a point about five miles southeast of Stafford and for miles in a northeasterly direction left nothing but a barren waste strewn with wrecks of houses and barns, trees and fences, with here and there bodies of stock either killed or crippled by the wind. The only person killed outright was William Crawford, whose neck was broken by the flying timbers of his house, which was totally demolished. Eight or nine persons were badly injured. About twenty-five or thirty-five more were more or less injured.

A. F. Guinap's house was totally destroyed and himself and family badly injured. His wife and young baby were carried a distance of a hundred feet and the child's thigh is broken. Joseph Giles' house was totally destroyed and its contents scattered in every direction. A house belonging to Mrs. Lindley and occupied by herself and two children, Mand and William Bue, was blown to atoms. Mrs. Lindley was seriously injured and is not expected to recover. Joseph Sellers' fine two-story house was torn to pieces and so scattered that not a splinter remained on the former site. Another large house not yet occupied was demolished. A large number of horses and cattle were killed and crippled. Physicians were summoned and the people of the whole country turned out to render every assistance possible. Many other buildings were more or less damaged and where the cyclone crossed the Santa Fe Railroad, between Sterling and Adolph, telegraph poles were leveled to the earth and other damage was done. There were no fatalities in that district. As soon as the news of the cyclone reached Stafford a mass meeting was held and committees were organized to carry on the work of relieving distress in a systematic manner. More than a hundred people are left homeless and without food or clothing. Reports from other towns throughout the southwestern part of the State indicate heavy winds for three days past but nothing in the nature of such a tornado as visited Stafford County.

Bold Robbery in Colorado.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., May 8.—The most daring robbery in the history of the County was perpetrated at Florissant Monday night about 8 o'clock. Frank Costello, postmaster and store-keeper at that town, with his two clerks, was getting ready to close the office when three men entered and covered the occupants with guns, and said they wanted money. One of the clerks named Putman began to parley with the robbers, when he was severely clubbed. Postmaster Costello, seeing the robbers had the drop on him, handed over \$400. All the time the money was being counted the robbers kept the men covered with their Winchester. Putting the money in their pockets, the bold intruders backed to the doors and escaped. An alarm was given and a party started in pursuit. The robbers were overtaken a short distance from town, and a fight ensued, in which one of the pursuing party, William Brady, was shot and probably fatally wounded. The robbers succeeded in getting away, and reached the mountains. A deputy sheriff and a well-armed posse started after them at an early hour yesterday morning, and overhauling them another fight ensued. The robbers were lodged behind a barricade of rocks, and after a terrible fight of half an hour one of the robbers was killed and another wounded, but the third still holds out, and until his ammunition is exhausted there is no prospect of his surrendering.

Sherry Jackson and a posse left this city last night, well armed, for the scene of the trouble, and it is probable the desperate villain will be obliged to surrender. The attacking party had three horses killed, but nobody was shot, though bullets fell like rain around them.

BILL ARP.

BILL ARP Visits Anniston, Alabama, and Tells of Some Things He Saw There.

Atlanta Constitution.

When is this thing going to hold up? How many more wheels can be turned to advantage in the money south? Of course as population increases manufactures must increase, but they are now multiplying much faster than population. I was talking to an iron man in Anniston about this and he smiled and said the south is still a long way off from the goal of over-production in iron, and as to other manufacturing industries she has not begun. We are now making two thousand tons of pig iron per day, which, of course, is largely more than the south consumes, and therefore, goes north and pays its own freight and comes back to us in a thousand freight and yet there is a good margin of profit in making pig iron. This business alone has added millions to our wealth and given employment to thousands of our people. Four furnaces owned at Anniston made for the owners not less than four millions of dollars in ten years. But they are not making so much now and so the Anniston iron kings have taken a new departure and are rapidly establishing enterprises that will consume all the iron she makes. Their immense pipe works will consume two hundred tons per day and that pipe will all be required for southern use; your own town of Cartersville has recently purchased a thousand tons for water and gas and it was all made in the south. We are keeping our profits at home.

As I meandered around the model city, the beautiful city of Anniston, I was more than ever impressed with the foresight and wisdom of her founders. It seems but a few years ago that I went down with Mr. Noble, the old patriarch, to see the property they had bought. The rains of an old furnace, that the yankees had burned, were there and nothing else save the ores in the hills and the timber that covered the surrounding country. To develop this property the Nobles and the Tylers put in their capital and their brains. With an eye and a taste for the beautiful they laid out a town, and just as fast as they made money from their furnaces they graded streets and paved sidewalks, and planted shade trees, and built churches and academies. Health, and ornament and a noble Christian charity marked right along, side by side with industry. They had care for the comfort and contentment of their laborers and took a fatherly interest in their children. The partnership of the Nobles and Tylers was a very fortunate one, for what one side lacked the other possessed. Of the Tylers, I only know that they were an aristocratic family of fine business qualities and unassuming dignity. Of the Nobles, I know that their cardinal principle was to dignify and adorn labor, and they did it. They are doing it yet. No matter how fast they are accumulating wealth, they continue to labor—labor as a duty and not to pile up riches. The children and grandchildren have all been trained to work; and they do it cheerfully. I saw one of them do it earnestly bending over his drawings and plans of a new plant that will cost perhaps \$100,000, and half a mile away I saw a beautiful church, nearly finished, that cost another hundred thousand, and it is his gift to Anniston. They are always spending money to improve the condition of the laboring classes or to beautify the town or to provide schools and churches for their people. Within a few years the Nobles and Tylers have raised Anniston from the woods to a city of 12,000 people with \$16,000,000 of capital invested. It is a model city, a moral city, an industrial city, and continues to grow and prosper. New men, younger men, have been attracted here, and now the Parkers and Ledbetters and McElroys and Withams are working in the lead. I never saw a place with so many active, energetic young men.

There are over four thousand artisans and laborers upon their pay rolls. The Rolling Stock Company alone has over eight hundred. Bishop Wilmer said in a beautiful sermon that giving healthy employment to the poor and paying just wages was far better than charity. This is done at Anniston. The poor are held up and encouraged. The laborers all have clean, attractive homes, with vines and flowers in the front yard and gardens in the rear and schools and churches near by. Everything here is based upon labor, intelligent labor. The splendid residences of the rich, the beautiful churches, the Inn, the hotels, the stores, the parks, all come from the sweat and toil and skill of the laborer and the artisan, and this toil and skill is entitled to the highest respect. The rich man who would sneer at the laborer is a fool. The young man who prides himself on his family or his money and snubs the honest artisan ought to be taken behind the house and kicked. There is a ton of pig iron that cost \$12 and sells for \$16—\$11.50 of that ton is labor. The material cost only half a dollar for the ore is in the earth and labor gets it out. The charcoal is in the timber, the limestone in the quarry and the sand in the sand bed. That ton of pig iron is converted into pipe at the pipe works by labor and is then worth thirty dollars; or it is converted into nails and is worth sixty-five dollars. Anniston soon will be making four hundred tons per day, and will convert it all into pipe and car wheels and nails and boilerplate and bar iron and other industrial products. Before long there will be stove works and works for edged tools and potware and spades and picks, and all these will add still more to the value of the half dollar's worth of raw material, and it will all come from labor. It is believed that within five years the 400 tons of pig iron will be increased in value to forty thousand dollars, and this amount be realized every day.

I asked my iron friend how far the beneficial influence of these Anniston industries extended into the farming country. "It is impossible to tell," he said, "but certainly for twenty-five miles in every direction—not for cotton, but for grain and cattle and hogs and fowls and potatoes and vegetables and milk and butter. Chickens are in demand the year round at an average of forty cents and eggs at twenty cents, and the farmer can

make more clear money from such things than from his cotton crop. The entire population of Anniston are consumers and not producers of food supplies. For miles around the town the farming lands have doubled and quadrupled in value in the last five years. In the suburbs the lands have advanced fifty times their former value. The highlands on the north that are about two miles from the business center are now worth a thousand dollars per acre, and soon will be occupied by the wealthiest people of the city. Then there is Footh Anniston on the south, and cornering on the west whose lands are equally valuable. There is no excitement about these prices, but little speculation. The purchasers buy them to improve them and live upon them.

Is it possible, thought I, that the south, the long oppressed south, is so near her independence. Will she soon be making all her own locomotives and steel rails and cars and water pipes and nails and tools and wagons and buggies and furniture and cotton goods. In the time near at hand when we will buy nothing from the mighty north except hair pins, buttons and button holes, and fish-hooks, and vest buckles, and hooks and eyes, and chewing gum? Are we not making our own glass and bottles, and marble slabs and mantles and slate and fertilizers? Are not Avery & Sons and Towers & Hairman running all the northern plows of the country? Are we not supplying Carnegie with manganese? Is not S. S. and E. B. B. crowding Warner to the wall? No wonder the northern people are coming down south with their money. Let them come; we want them to come and help us to pay taxes to the government—help us to pay pensions to the soldiers and a bounty to ours, and see how it feels. We want them to come and give the negro problem, and help the life to northern slanders. We invite them to come to Cartersville and see some southern outposts. See our peaceful, beautiful little city with not a saloon in it and not a jug that is not empty, or soon will be. Our city are we going to model after Anniston and give profitable employment to labor. Come and see the grass growing in the path to the jail and calaboose. Come and see our mines of iron and manganese and gold and graphite, and see how much more we are shipping north to adulterate something. See our beautiful valleys and glassy streams, and orchards laden with fruit. See our negroes living peaceably with the whites and voting when they please to vote and working when they please to work. Come down and bring your knitting and your money, and we will give you welcome.

BILL ARP.

A Bullet in His Brain.

The remarkable instance of Anton Mercet, the Philadelphia veteran, who lived twenty-five years with a bullet imbedded in the tissues of his heart, has a parallel in the case of Abraham Delong, a prominent farmer of this County, who carried an ounce of Confederate lead on his brain for twenty years before it caused his death, the strange features of the circumstances being that the presence of the bullet never was known until the autopsy brought it to light.

Delong received his wound at the battle of Stone River. The bullet struck him squarely on the nose, well up between the eyes, in such a way as to split the bone, which, closing up again, left only a slight wound that the surgeon declared had been caused by a bullet coming from a side direction and clipping off the skin as it sped by.

Delong kept his feet, suffering very little, and in a few days was again in fighting trim. He served to the close of war and returned home to his little family and his plough. As the years passed Delong experienced painful sensations in the head, at first slight, but more and more severe at each recurrence, until his sufferings finally drove him crazy. He was taken to the Insane Asylum at Drayton for treatment, where he regained his mental faculties, but received no relief from the terrible pain and pressure in his head that made life almost intolerable.

Some time before his death, which took place in 1882, Delong got the idea that the bullet that struck him at Stone River had indeed entered his head and proposed to submit to a surgical operation that would determine whether he was right about it. This opinion was not shared by his physicians, and the operation necessarily being a dangerous one, they declined to search for the suspected missile. He then requested that after his death an examination be made, in order that his widow and children should not appear that he had died of injuries received in the service of his country, might receive a greatly needed pension, his long period of illness and inability to work having quite eaten up his little fortune.

Accordingly an autopsy was held. To the surprise of the doctors, and as Delong had predicted, they found a bullet, or rather two jagged pieces of lead, in his head back of the frontal bones. One portion had lodged just over the brain, where, together with a fragment of bone that had been broken off by the bullet as it tore its way into the cranium, had become incysted with a hard growth, which, extending year by year, pressed harder against the brain, causing that terrible pain of which Delong complained, and resulting in derangement and death. Had it been known that the bullet which struck him at Stone River found lodgment in his head surgical skill might have availed to prolong the victim's life for many years. As it was, it was looked upon as most remarkable that Delong should have survived as long as he did. Mrs. Delong applied for and received a pension.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—One day, not a great while ago, a man by the name of Coon called at the Way Cross post office for his mail. He was followed by Mr. Fox, and that gentleman had barely cleared the door before Jim Wolf wanted his mail. Next day a Lamb and a Lyon marched in to see if there were any letters for their folks.—Macon Telegraph.

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE STATE.

Uncle Johnnie Fielder Dies at the Age of 109 Years.

John Fielder was born near Lynchburg, Va., May 11, 1780, and died in Laurens County, April 11, 1889. He therefore lacked one month of being 109 years old.

He came to Spartanburg County in his fifth year, and lived for several years near Ot's Shoals on Tyger River. He seems to have been in poor circumstances in his youth, for he never had the advantages of much education. I always understood that he was an orphan, but his son told me his father died at his (the son's) house at a very old age, blind and decrepit. The first year he commenced to work for himself he hired to Mr. Means, who lived at the Col. John Crook place, four or five miles from Woodruff. His wages were six dollars per month. At the end of the year he took his horse in a horse, saddle and bridle—that horse he worked thirty years. It was three years old when he got it.

By energy and good management he bought a piece of land, and determined to marry. He courted a Miss Miller, on Tyger River, who accepted, and they were soon made one. I remember well his tale about it. Among some of his drawbacks he had no furniture for his log cabin, and she had none. For a while they slept on a pallet on the floor. He cleared up the forest around his cabin by moonshine, and then went to work clearing up day by day for corn.

He went West once to visit some of his children, and while gone his second wife died. He heard the sad news at Clinton, and as he walked from there home, that being then the head of the railroad, all of his sins and shortcomings passed before his mind's eye, and among other things he determined to quit liquor drinking, which, by the grace of God, was enabled to do successfully, so much so, that in late life it was hard work to get him to take it as a medicine.

He was married three times, first to a Miss Miller, as already stated, by whom he had nine children, three of whom are still living. They were James, Mrs. Feibel, of Rodgers Bridge; Caroline Wolf, of Mississippi; Dr. Newton, who died unmarried; Eliza Jackson, of Anderson County; William, who died at 19 years of age; Mary Parks, of Mississippi; Thomas F., who recently died near here, and Mrs. R. W. West. The three survivors are Mrs. Parks, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. West. The descendants are all well-to-do and are amongst the best people of the country.

The second wife was a Widow Fulton, from near Clinton. She came to this neighborhood to live, but in a year or so he moved down to her plantation in Laurens County, where he died. She lived for ten years and died, when he married a Miss Anderson, from Clinton, or near there, in 1858. She survives him. The last wife, as well as the others, proved a helpmate indeed, for during the last several years he was a great chafe.

When the late war broke out he had accumulated a considerable fortune, and when he got able he did not spare the money in the education of his children. Of one he made a doctor, and a daughter graduated under Dr. Curtis, of Limestone Springs.

I heard an old gentleman say at the burial that there were three men, in his boyhood, who were the mainstays of the then popular school of Poplar Springs, viz: Tyler Jim Anderson and Col. Sam Evans, both vigorous and stout, and a little old dried up man by the name of John Fielder, much older than the others. It was little thought then that he would outlive the others by a score or more of years, but time so proved it.

He served in the war of 1812, in a company commanded by Capt. Dawkins, of Union County, whom he loved very much, and for whom he named his daughter, Elizabeth. An old negro servant of mine, a contemporary of Mr. Fielder, related to me an incident connected with Mrs. Nesbit's birth. It seems she was the first child, and was born during the war, when the father was away from home. When he heard the news he was very anxious for a furlough, and applied to Gen. Thomas Moore, who was in command. Gen. Moore, by the way, was his near neighbor at home, and with whom he was on the best of terms. He did not doubt the furlough being granted under such circumstances. The General heard him patiently and replied, "D-n you, go back to your tent! the balance of us have wives and babies that we want to see as badly as you." Mr. Fielder could not see it that way, and he rather soured on the General.

After the war he applied himself diligently to business, but living without religion until under old Michael Dickson he was brought into the church. His children, going to Sunday school, first attracted him in that direction. From that time on he made a consistent member of the church, was always prompt in his presence at worship, and ever ready to bear his share of the pecuniary burdens. He united at Nazareth, but took his membership to Bethany when he went to Laurens to live, but so strong was his love for the place of his youth and manhood, that four or five years ago he had his membership moved back to Nazareth, saying he wanted to die a member of that old church.

The last time I saw him he was seated on the rostrum in the public square of the city of Spartanburg, May 11, 1881, witnessing the ceremonies attending the raising of the Morgan monument. He was 101 years old that day and was pretty stout, able to get about first rate.

He lived away back yonder, when this section was a new country. What wonderful changes he saw! He told me once that Richard Barry had something to do with the first cotton press erected in this section, and had it put up near Ot's Shoals. The old man would laugh and tell about the crude notions and how they made it. The lever power was hand sticks stuck into holes in the screw pin. The pin was a curiosity, they did not know how to cut the threads in it, so they made them by tacking strips of sole leather around it.—Laurens Advertiser.

QUEER CHICAGO PEOPLE.

Sunday Schools Promulgating Anarchy, Atheism and free Love.

CHICAGO, May 6.—There are many queer people in Chicago, and it is possible they attract more attention than they otherwise would because they are, not restrained in any way. "Everything goes" in this city, where the idea of American liberty is illustrated in its fullest sense. Chicago is third among the cities of the United States in the matter of churches, and yet she has a larger number of free thinkers than any other American city except New York.

Chicago is not, strictly speaking, an American city, though American thrift and enterprise have built her up. Fifty-two per cent of her population is foreign, and in some sections of the town one never hears the English language spoken. Sunday is the day of days here. Following the European example every place of amusement is open, and the streets down town are thronged with pleasure seekers. Many theatre managers reckon on Sunday night as the best in the week, which is more than can be said of the clergymen, more than one of whom has given up his Sunday night sermons because no one will come out to hear them.

Free thinkers are strong in Chicago, their societies being numerous. I attended a meeting of the Bohemian Free Thinking Society at Thalia Hall last Sunday. As a rule, Chicago's foreign population is free and easy in matters of religion. Before the time for the society gathering the male members occupied their time in front of the bar discussing the questions of the day. Within the hall a dozen children waited for the Sunday afternoon lessons to begin. They grew restless. Their mother's apron strings no longer held them. While their teachers were delayed by the lightning of the saloon they found amusement for themselves.

LOUIS LINGG AS A GOD.

A child of eight years, with yellow curls falling over the kerchief which spread on her shoulders, slipped over the chair seats to the left side of the hall and raised her eyes toward a bust in a glass case midway between the floor and ceiling.

"There is my great god," she cried in a pretty voice to her playful companions.

They broke into childish laughter.

The mothers nodded at one another and laughed. They called the little girl to them, smiled approvingly at her and patted her curls. Each mother seemed to wish her own child had said so precious a thing.

The bust was that of Louis Lingg, the most ferocious and malignant of the anarchist "martyrs." This same Sunday there was also a meeting of the "Arbeiter Bildungs Verein der Nordwest Seite" at the same place, or rather in another hall in the Thalia building. The object of the meeting was to discuss the marriage question. A lecturer on "Is Marriage a Failure?" was delivered by the secretary of the Arbeiter Bund, that famous society the police tried to suppress, but which the courts protected.

The text was to the effect that marriage was a failure, and the lecturer's hearers agreed with him. Marriage under the present system was certainly a failure, it was agreed, and the only remedy was its total abolition. The race was dying out. His remarks received hearty applause from his audience, of which women formed the major part.

ATHEISTIC SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

There is throughout the city a number of so-called "Sunday schools," the doctrine taught in which is that all religion is either superstition or fanaticism, and should be abolished. These should not be confounded with the anarchist Sunday schools. The scholars in these schools range in age between 7 and 16 years, and the first thing impressed upon their minds is that there is no such thing as divine inspiration or a code of morals founded on religious beliefs; that churches are a vile fraud, perpetrated by ecclesiasticism, and are simply agents of the governing class.

Ridicule is the potent weapon used, and the name of the Diety is spoken as lightly and as trippingly upon the tongue as that of the most public of characters. A crusade was at one time begun against these institutions, but it was stopped by the decision of Judge Tuley, though an offer was made to show that anarchistic as well as atheistic doctrines were promulgated in the schools. Judge Tuley held that all sorts of meetings should be protected against the "caricatures, whims or malice" of officers of the law, and were not to be disturbed unless some overt act was committed.

Evangelist Moody has frequently referred to these decidedly freethinking Sunday schools, but he has received no encouragement from the hard hearted citizens of Chicago, who feel that they are in some sections of the city would be cast upon very barren ground indeed. Mr. Moody would like to make an onslaught upon these hotbeds of atheism, but he can get no one to follow his leadership. The great question is as to how the attack should be made, and until that is settled nothing will be done. The probabilities are that nothing will be done anyhow, as Christian intruders in the parts of the city where these schools flourish would receive rough treatment.

AGAINST THE CENTENAL.

The remnants of the old anarchist organization, which was so strong three years ago, was much interested in the celebration in New York.

At the last meeting at Waverly Hall the anarchists and socialists came to an agreement that the present Constitution of the United States was of no use to the poor people. One speaker observed: "The Constitution was the work of Alexander Hamilton, who led the people directly away from the Declaration of Independence. The party he represented is still alive. The four hundred of New York who will conduct this centennial performance know where their safety lies, and they know they are safe as long as the Constitution is as it is." Remarkable as it may seem, Mrs. Lucy Parsons upheld the Constitution. She said: "You talk about the Constitution

being wrong. The Constitution is all right. The Constitution gives you all the rights you need if you will only take them. Enforce the Constitution. Don't give us the right to keep and bear arms? We will not be in a position to get our liberties until we enforce the Constitution." These are examples of some of the queer people to be found in Chicago.

In Favor of Wiping Them Out.

A novel decision has just been rendered by a Chicago Judge. Last Easter Sunday morning Mrs. Herbert Fitz-James exclaimed that the three hairs growing from a mole in her cheek made her look like a billy-goat, and he would pull them out. He suited the action to the word. Mrs. Fitz-James hit her husband over the head with a carpet sweeper. A policeman arrested him. When he appeared in court next morning the Justice said: "I commend your action. I have observed these hairs growing out of moles on the ladies' faces, and I never could understand why they were preserved. Talisman, or not, I am in favor of wiping them out, and the man who is brought before me for pulling them out will be leniently dealt with. You may go, Mr. James."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

—White ink is the last craze. It is used usually upon grayish paper.

—The University of Michigan has eighteen hundred and eighty-two students.

—The Chinese minister at Washington wears a cap decorated with \$5,000 worth of jewels.

—The Emperor of China has ten men whose sole duty it is to carry his umbrella.

—A St. Louis man died of erysipelas contracted from a veridigris brass collar button eating into